NEVILE HENDERSON'S "FAILURE OF A MISSION"

The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXI No. 26 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1940 FIFTEEN CENTS

"SIEGE"
By Julien Bryan and Maurice Hindus
Reviewed by Margaret Bourke-White and Erskine Caldwell

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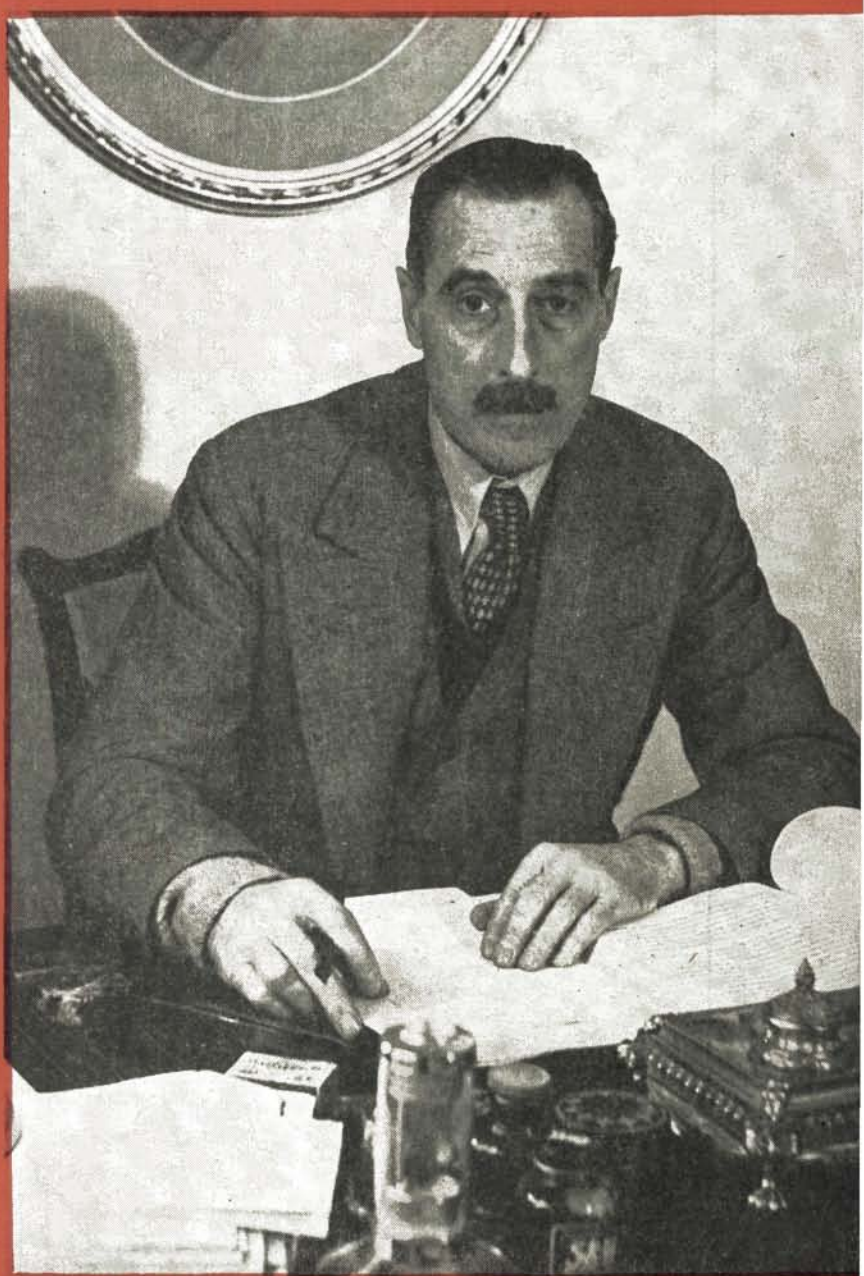

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NEVILE HENDERSON: "Was no lamb among lions" . . . *(See page 5)*

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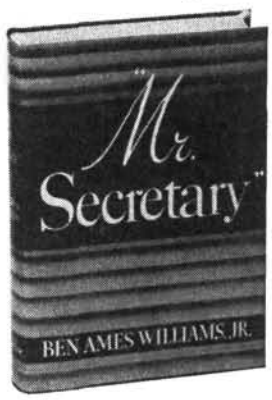

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Old Fable for New Critics

LEONARD BACON

TO this day no classical scholar worth his salt can mention Richard Bentley without a catch in his breath and making the sign of the cross, for beyond question he was leviathan and hardly to be drawn forth with a hook. Many consider him the greatest textual critic who ever practised his mystery in England, or perhaps in the world. Persons of undeniable competence, nay Housman himself, from time to time assure us that no man has ever dealt more convincingly, in spite of foibles, with the jigsaw puzzle of the mutilated Byzantine copies that have preserved the poetry of Athens, or has made shorter work of the mutually auxiliary ravages of time and the scribe. His multitudinous personal and professional enemies quailed before his magnificent capacity.

But Bentley justified the ivy-covered bromide that only great men are capable of great blunders. He excelled his rivals in learning, yet he could defeat them hopelessly in the noble art of defying common sense. And Bentley's edition of "Paradise Lost" provides on the whole more unintentional entertainment than any work of the order that I know. It points a moral, if it does not adorn a tale. And though every one from Alexander Pope down, who has given the book ten minutes attention, has burst into laughter, it may still be worthwhile to exhibit once more some of Richard Bentley's eccentricities to persons who have not as yet stumbled on them.

Pope was frequently wrong in his judgments of men and things, and no doubt nursed a prejudice for the love he bore it, but in this instance he did not err humanly any more than he forgave divinely. The nub of his satire, which for once is about as just as anything said by a bitter man can be, may be quoted again. It can stand it:

> Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
> Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.

Engraving by J. Thornhill Bettmann Archives.

Richard Bentley knew the art of nonsense.

> Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
> Critics like me shall make it prose again.

It would be hard to be more merciless or more exact. For it is God's truth that Bentley, most learned man of all those times and not the least sensible, sold himself down the river in the pride of intellect, merely on account of a few generally accepted contemporaneous critical notions.

Like everyone who goes wrong in intellectual matters, Bentley was led astray by the wolf of intuition in the sheep's clothing of logic. Intuitions are occasionally correct, but are apt to get a man into trouble unless he constantly reminds himself that they are intuitions, to be treated as such, with respect if facts bear them out, with contempt if no such evidence is forthcoming. And Bentley had had the bad luck to have what seemed to him a particularly attractive intuition as to how "Paradise Lost" was first composed and subsequently printed. Detecting, as he thought, a number of errors in the text, and remembering with almost visible satisfaction that Milton was blind, he leaped headlong to a remarkable and, I think, illicit conclusion. For Bentley clearly believed that whatever in "Paradise Lost" struck him as illogical, elliptical, unmetrical, or plain bad taste must in the nature of things be the interpolation of an injudicious and officious secretary, because, *ex hypothesi*, Milton could never have been guilty of what seemed illogical, elliptical, unmetrical, or plain bad taste to Richard Bentley. The effect of this parti pris is extraordinary. To parody Macaulay, he who has not seen the Alps has no notion of a mountain, he who has not looked at Niagara can have no idea of a cataract, and he who has not examined Bentley's notes on "Paradise Lost" knows nothing about the nature of the absurd.

For fun I submit a few Bentleyisms. In his very first note, he takes vehement exception to the phrase "the secret top of Horeb." Almost snorting with contempt he exclaims: *"Secret valleys, secret caves,* come frequently in poetry, but *secret top of a mountain* (italics his), visible several leagues off, *is only met with here* (italics mine)." Follows a prolix argument to the effect that Milton of course meant "sacred," bolstered by such an array of learning that you almost believe him for a dreadful insane second. Fifty-odd lines on he is in a dither about the tremendous expression "darkness visible," which he proposes to alter to "transpicuous gloom," for the reason, sufficient to him, that obviously "darkness visible" will not serve to discover "sights of woe" in the next verse. I think it was Coleridge, who, commenting on this proposed emendation, said that the original reading must stand. "Darkness visible" had demonstrated itself as a fact, because such a crotchet had possessed the brain of Richard Bentley.

Again we must think strange things when the critic falls foul of one of the similes for the Golden Horde of the fallen angels:

> A multitude like which the populous North
> Poured never from her frozen loins, etc.

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With respect to this, consider his chill observation:

> Frozen loins are improper for populousness.

Positively he had us there, though one may remain unconvinced. But of course the pièce de résistance (properly so-called) is his not infrequently quoted opinion on one of the most picturesque places in the poem, where we are told of armies of pygmies, and giants,

> and what resounds
> In fable or romance of Uther's son,
> Begirt with British or Armoric knights,
> And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
> Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
> Damasco, or Morocco, or Trebisond,
> Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
> When Charlemain and all his peerage fell
> By Feuntarabia.

Just to copy that burst sends electric fires up and down the vertebral column. Yet hark the voice of the eighteenth century anti-bard:

> Milton indeed in his prose works tells us that in his youth he was a great lover and reader of romances; but surely he had more judgment in his old age than to clog and sully his poem with such romantic trash, as even then when he wrote, was obsolete and forgot. To stuff in here a heap of barbarous words, without any ornament or poetical coloring—would be such pedantry, such a silly boast of useless reading, as I will not charge him with: let his acquaintance and editor take it.

In the last clause he sideswipes the unhappy amanuensis, who, I suppose, is also to blame for the death of Charlemain at Feuntarabia, where Charlemain did not die even in fable or romance. "One century's meat is obviously another century's cyanide of potassium." And further remarks are hardly necessary, except that not one of Bentley's emendations is untainted with the same absurdity and that his book remains a perpetual source of innocent merriment.

Now this cento and rehash of an ancient controversy is not set forth with a view to writing Richard Bentley down. As was noticed in the connection a century and a half ago, Bentley was the author of the apothegm that no man was ever written down but by himself and in his "Paradise Lost" had provided a perfect example of how to do it. Nevertheless he was a better man than any one likely to make fun of him in these times. However pedantic, he was something more than a pedant, and to use the cliché again, a better creature when he was wrong than most people are when they are right. No matter how striking his errors of judgment, whether in matters of taste or in matters of fact, he had the force and the fire appropriate to a great personality. And it is only misfortune that he is condemned to listen to the laughter of the gods whom he made happy, which must echo pretty continually in that unimaginable Elysium which is frequented by departed correctors of texts.

My object in this paper is of another order. It is easily seen that Bentley had a set of values which clearly are not our values. It is further apparent that even in his own time people were beginning to mistrust the famous principle of "correctness" which was obviously very important to him, far more so than suggestiveness, or picturesque implication of whose existence, it would seem, he had hardly an inkling. In fact to everything which he was in the habit of describing as romantic trash he was color-blind. He had no patience with any mood, except possibly the indicative. What was felt, what was suspected, what was imagined, was suspect. And anything in the shadows of the mind deserved to remain there. He wanted poetry to be as explicit as Euclid. And no doubt on the whole he would have approved of Lewis Carroll's famous, exact, and magnificent half-stanza,

$$X^2+7X+53 = \frac{11}{3}$$

in spite of some paradoxical element which appears in it. A metaphor which, in his sight, contained the faintest confusion of images, an epithet which implied more, or less, than what he considered precisely descriptive, was an example at best of criminal negligence. And the whole virtue of poetry lay in being monumental, inscriptional, and as logically complete as the geometer's definition of an ellipse. That there is poetry, and high poetry too, which corresponds pretty well with Bentley's idea, does not alter the fact that there are other kinds as good or better, a remark which obviously would not have impressed him. Be that as it may, viewed from our reference frame he appears as absurd as we should from his, and as no doubt we *shall* appear when 1980 gets in the saddle and looks back with a sneer at the wasted landscape of the Post-Victorians, meaning us.

It will perhaps be fortunate for us then that we have no Bentley now, though it might be fun to invent him like God or Austria. Synthetic chemistry is a main feature of these times and it is no trouble at all to put together a new Aristarchus, with at

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BOOK CRITICS' NOMINATIONS FOR PULITZER PRIZE WINNERS

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; James Nelson, Vice-President; Heinz Norden, Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $4 a year; $4.50 in Canada; $5 in other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXI, No. 26, April 20, 1940. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Berlin Was Not Birmingham

FAILURE OF A MISSION: Berlin 1937-1939. By Sir Nevile Henderson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1940. 334 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LINDSAY ROGERS

PROFESSIONAL diplomats are thought of as forming a reticent, even secretive, caste. Ordinarily their "revelations" do not come until the persons they mention are comfortably dead and the events they record are no longer contemporary history. Sir Nevile Henderson breaks with this tradition and the world will applaud. He does so, he says, because on a cold morning when he was waiting at Grantham for a London train (and that can be a cold experience) the station master invited him "into his office where there was a fire." The train was late but the only conversation reported is the remark of the station master that "he and people like him knew nothing of the facts" of why England had gone to war. This is strange, because there is much evidence that the station master "and people like him" forced the British government to declare war on Hitlerism.

One of Sir Nevile's recent predecessors as British ambassador in Germany published an account of his mission, but for another reason. Lord d'Abernon was not of *la carrière*. He was drafted for the post because, during the early years of the Weimar Republic, economic questions were to the fore and in respect of these he had special competence. The three volumes of the diary of "An Ambassador of Peace" (1920-1926) appeared so promptly because of his belief that "the more rapidly follies and misdeeds become known the less the temptation to commit them." Lord d'Abernon was philosophical and quotable. Sir Nevile Henderson is severely factual. He gives a straightforward account of his mission and its failure and enlivens it by sketches of the leading Nazis.

Goering is the only one in whom viciousness does not predominate. Sir Nevile was able to see Hitler only on official occasions and usually their discussions were heated. On the basis of what he observed and what he heard from men in the Führer's entourage or on the fringes of it, the Ambassador has pieced together a rather convincing sketch of a neurotic gambler who has been intoxicated by the magnitude of his successes, and who will doubtless be a case study in many monographs. There is an old story of a child asking his professorial father what God did after he created the world. The answer was that He had to sit for His portrait to be painted by the metaphysicians. Hitler will have many portraits painted by the psychologists and psychiatrists, and for their accuracy Hitler's behavior before, at, and after Munich will be of great importance. On this Sir Nevile Henderson is an authority.

Jordan in "De Groene Amsterdammer"

The principals of Mr. Henderson's narrative, Goebbels, Ribbentrop, and Mr. Hitler himself, make peace with Moscow and discover a new tune.

The British Ambassador was no lamb among the lions. When he left his Buenos Aires post to go to England en route to Berlin he took along two copies of "Mein Kampf"—one the unexpurgated edition. He knew the Nazi blueprints for dominion. He was already aware of the earlier of the long series of broken promises. He knew that the sword was throwing its shadow. His reports, which he cites, show a realization of the kind of man Hitler was, of the machine which he had built and which had to keep moving to prevent it from toppling over. Rarely is there any suggestion of whether Sir Nevile advised his government to have a different attitude. Loyally he followed instructions. Properly he endeavored to understand the regime and deal with it. There are, indeed, occasional intimations of myopia in respect of certain phases of that regime. He was not horrified by internal excesses. He wanted to see the "good" in dictatorships: Hitler would have been "a great German if he had known when and where to stop, even for instance after Munich and the Nuremberg decrees for the Jews." Mr. Chamberlain, in journeying to Munich, apparently thought that he could transact business as he had done with elderly solicitors in Birmingham: after an interval of bluff, reasonable people must reach an agreement and Mr. Chamberlain was certainly willing to be reasonable.

Sir Nevile knew that they were dealing with gangsters, but never suggests that he did not see eye to eye with his Government's policy. His professions of optimism as of different dates must have been the result of keeping his courage up. Occasionally he confesses to doubts. He remarks rather sententiously that "history will be the final judge of the Prime Minister's airplane journey" carrying an umbrella rather than a sword. He expects it to be argued in the future "that since war between the Western democracies and dynamic Nazi Germany was inevitable it would have been wiser to accept the chal-

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From the jacket of "Kings Row"

The Spice of Mid-West Life

KINGS ROW. By Henry Bellamann. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1940. 674 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by STERLING NORTH

"A REALIST," says one of Henry Bellamann's oracular characters, "is a man who is willfully blind. Or—what is just as lamentable — a man whose senses function only on a low grade of perception."

Unfortunately Dr. Tower (the prophet by whom our author swears) thoughtlessly compromises his literary criticism by murdering his wife so that he may have incestuous relations with his daughter, whom he kills in turn, romantically climaxing the act with well-deserved suicide. Undeterred by what would seem the perfect answer to the Great Romantic Tradition, Mr. Bellamann proceeds on Dr. Tower's theories of good writing for another six hundred pages. And to give the devil his due no great romantic writer since Ben Hecht has so vividly described a continuous season of mating. "Kings Row" is the story of two decades in a Midwestern town of four or five thousand where the Jazz age evidently began in the 1890's. Critics of modern morals who swear that the decline of virtue began with the closed automobile obviously never owned a rubber-tired buggy.

The reviewer struggled to maturity in a town boasting twenty-six saloons and five churches—a model of sanctity and decorum compared to the hell-hole Mr. Bellamann must have known—a community literally overrun with modest young things who throughout the book habitually say "yes" before they say "hello." Mr. Bellamann has other interests (when he can keep his mind on them) including music, psychiatry, and the real estate business. The central character, Parris Mitchell, becomes a psychiatrist during the course of the book which furnishes the author an excellent device for examining the dark motivations of all the other characters.

American fiction has recognized the convention of the Caldwell-Faulkner South, the incestuous Kentucky mountains, and off-side desire under the New England elms. But until recently the Middlewest has been less interested in sex. Mr. Bellamann, however, introduces into his story three fathers who fall in love with their daughters, a surgeon whose only form of infidelity is practised with the scalpel, a hangman who goes about lusting for new throats to throttle, a woman who stands in the willows and moos, the usual village homo-sexual (a trifle too passionately described), two village idiots whose love seems to be for the soil, and a rich assortment of frustrated daughters, wives, and mothers. Just for a dash of the unusual, however, he adds one or two normal and intelligent human beings. Parris, his friend Drake, and Drake's devoted wife Randy are as wholesome as applejack. The old lawyer, the sentimental newspaper editor, and the Catholic priest could have stepped right out of a romanticization by Bellamy Partridge.

Critical readers may ask how this picture of mid-Western life squares with Frederick J. Turner's theory that the mid-Western frontier was the liberal force which shaped American democracy. Both Turner and Bellamann have hit upon essential truths.

One of the most fortunate incidents in the history of the Westward migration was the meeting and blending of the New Englanders and northern European immigrants (who swept into the Middle West by way of the Erie Canal and the Great Lakes) with the traders, frontiersmen, and scattering of slave holders who floated down the Ohio. By 1890, however, many a mid-Western town was already a stagnant backwater breeding the sort of interesting slime which Henry Bellamann puts under his powerful microscope. The rich were already too rich, the poor too poor. The creedless frontier had developed a spate of bitter little creeds. A good deal of philandering, incest, and wife beating was tolerated or even quietly encouraged. And anything short of an interest in poetry or atheism could be forgiven in the son of the village banker.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

ENTER, THE VILLAIN!

Briefly described below are ten of the most unpleasant personages that ever stalked through the pages of literature. How many of them do you recognize? Allow 5 points for each one you can call by name, and another 5 points if you can name the book in which he appeared and its author. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 20.

1. Sherlock Holmes termed this scholarly mathematician the Napoleon of crime.
2. This pirate engineered an unsuccessful mutiny on the good ship Hispaniola.
3. This clammy-handed lawyer plotted the financial ruin of his employer in order to marry his daughter.
4. A drunken, brutal slave driver.
5. This celebrated highwayman provided his victims with an iron bed to sleep on and took pains to see that they fitted it.
6. A villainous old Jew, he ran a school for crime in London.
7. By means of a stolen handkerchief, he stirred a husband's jealousy to the point of murder.
8. He caused plenty of trouble when he moved from Transylvania to England for a change of diet.
9. Home-brew changed this respectable physician into a deformed and demented brute.
10. This Italian nobleman proved to be anything but noble when he conspired to defraud a woman of her fortune and her identity.

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Science of Modern Blood-Letting

SIEGE. By Julien Bryan. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 64 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE and ERSKINE CALDWELL

THE siege of Warsaw will probably go down in history as a full chapter in the science of modern aerial warfare. Unlike the slow blood-letting of Madrid and Barcelona, or even that of Helsinki, the bombardment and subsequent capture of *Blitzkreig,* in a few short days revolutionized modern war in theory and in practice. The German army's strategy of lightning-like thrusts and strokes proved to the Polish army, to their allies, and to the world at large, that the age of marching men, unsupported by aviation, has suddenly become as obsolete as cavalry charges on the battle field. And until it can be proved that any other theory, including economic strangulation, is more effective as a means of conquering an enemy, the lesson of Germany's three-week campaign against Poland will stand as a persuasive argument in favor of *Blitzkreig.*

Whatever the humanitarian arguments against war may be, and it is not at all difficult to marshall them by the score, the fact remains that war as a national policy has returned to scourge the people and blister the earth. In returning, the onrush was so swift and unlooked-for that the civilian populations of warring nations were unprepared to protect themselves. In the race to follow the leaders, smaller nations found themselves hopelessly unable to protect their homes and cities as well as their civilians. It may be many years before the world will be able to provide the new balance between defense and offense that the new order demands.

Julien Bryan's work and picture record of the eventful days of Warsaw's siege will open the eyes of many to what may be expected in all corners of the earth during the days to come. Mr. Bryan's narrative, which occupies the first half of "Siege," is so swift-paced and eventful, so lean and sinewy with action under war's stress and strain, that under certain conditions it could well stand alone.

There is something of the photographic eye in his attention to detail in the narrative which gives each page the effect of a sharply delineated print. The conductor who forgot to take up the railroad tickets during the early bombings, the American negro who sang "Bombs Keep Away from My Door," the child who wept because her sister's face after being machine gunned was no longer beautiful. These bits have the sharpness and symbolic quality of good photographs.

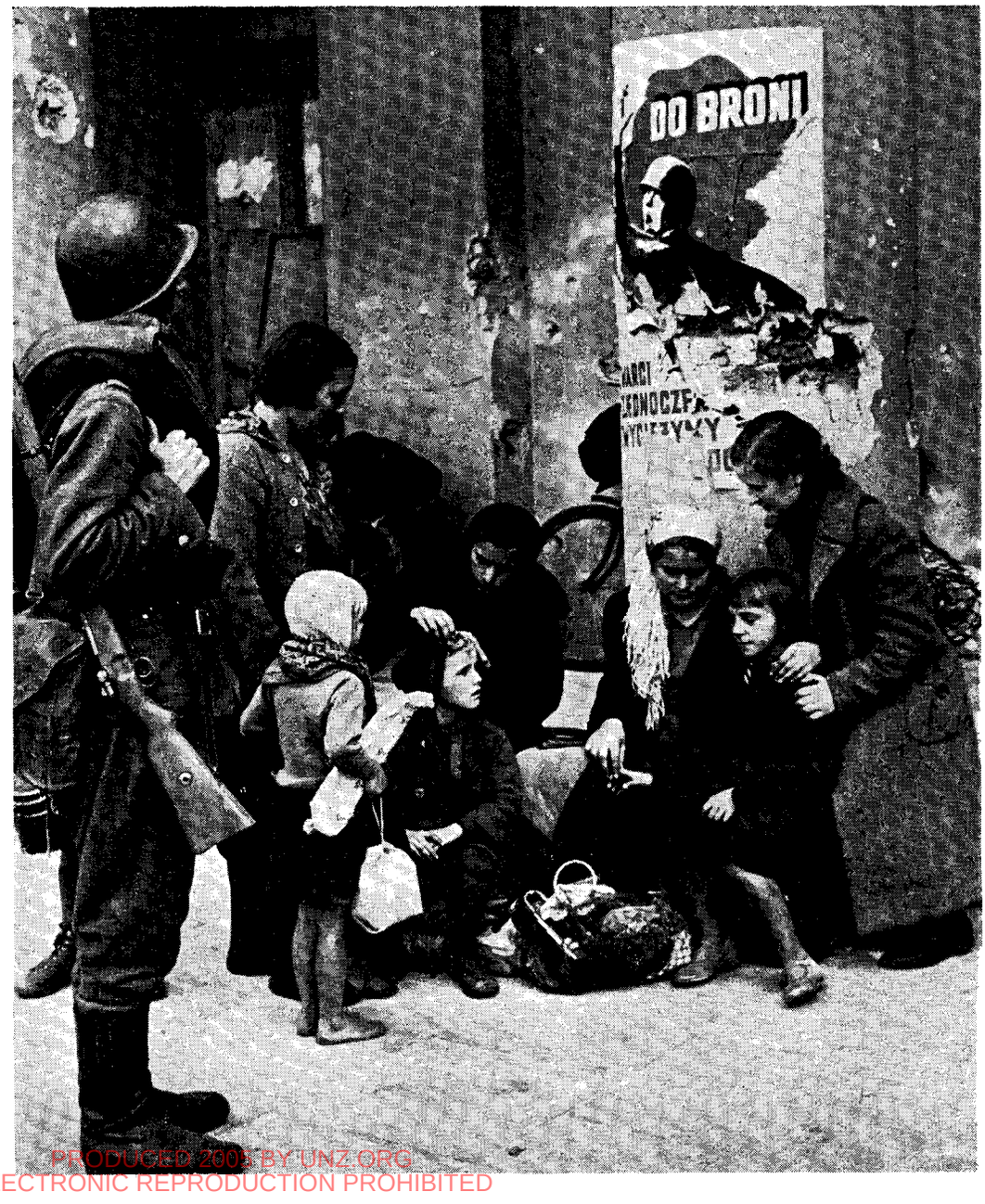
As for the photographs of Warsaw and its people, which make up the second half of the book, it is difficult to consider them merely as pictures. The cumulative effect of these photographs, because of their content, is strong. It is not often that a photographer is able to catch such genuine emotion on the faces of his subjects as Mr. Bryan records in the pictures entitled "Women Look at War," and "Women Look at Death." Unfortunately, he was forced to work under great handicaps, while taking and developing his pictures. The feeling derived both from the pictures and from the text is that Mr. Bryan was very close to these people, and that his ability to enter into their lives has greatly enriched the quality of his book.

All photographers who cover news events or countries during crises are faced with obstacles which impede their work; but seldom does a photographer have to contend with such difficulties as these: running out to work in half hour stretches between bombings, carrying equipment through streets made almost impassible by barricades, and finally, continuing to work through air attacks, rather than taking refuge in dugouts, because activity was easier to endure than inaction.

Maurice Hindus, who is greatly responsible for Julien Bryan's early development as an observer, has written an illuminating introduction to "Siege." He has also contributed captions for the forty-eight pictures in the book. Mr. Hindus's thorough knowledge of eastern Europe qualifies him to speak authoritatively about Poland, and his introduction is a vivid commentary on Mr. Bryan's work.

Margaret Bourke-White and Erskine Caldwell are the authors of "North of the Danube."

Footnote to a war: Mr. Bryan's camera focuses on a Warsaw group in a lull between bomb storms.



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THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

WHEN history looks back from the vantage point of time on our unhappy era it may well account as not the least of the misfortunes which have befallen the world the crime which Hitler has perpetrated against youth. We have been wont in recent years to speak of ours as the age of the child, and to take just pride in the growing vision and wisdom with which the education of the young has been proceeding. Not only have the health and happiness of children been guarded in the home and safeguarded out of it, but society has been keenly aroused to the truth that the child as father to the man who will make the laws and forge the enmities and friendships of his country must be impregnated from the nursery with right standards of patriotism and internationalism. Lovers of peace who based their best reliance for international concord in the future on the education of the young to an ultimate understanding of and sympathy for foreign peoples have in the past few years seen their hopes shattered and their teachings menaced by the beliefs with which the totalitarian states are indoctrinating their youth. Hitler in especial has taken that most malleable of all material, youth, and shaped it to race hatred and the glorification of might. And he has left, in one country after another, the young with nothing but their eyes to weep with.

In America, where childhood has always been especially fortunate, the young have in general taken their blessings for granted. They have lived in what their own experience and their school books have told them is the best of all possible worlds, a world seemingly as permanently ordered as the seasons that follow so surely upon one another. But no part of the world today can have any certainty of safety against militant fascism. Democracy is on the defensive and to make itself secure must render its precious boon of freedom vividly apparent to those who profit by it. It is this which the Children's Crusade, to begin next week throughout the country, has for its objective as much as the raising of funds for refugee children.

There is, to be sure, in any movement to direct the sympathies of children constant need for caution. It is so easy on the part of teacher or parent to slip from conviction to propaganda, to let detachment yield to strength of feeling. It is so difficult for even the most well-intentioned person to steer a safe course between preaching righteous wrath against cruelty and tyranny and ruthlessness and giving vent to an indignation that will sow hatred and rancor. Yet it is essential that youth recognize standards, be aware of the menace to ideals that can lie in ideas, and that it should come to see itself not only as fortunate in the blessings of democratic government but responsible for their persistence.

In these past years of depression America has seen its youth deprived of the heritage of opportunity which its forerunners of earlier generations so plentifully enjoyed. It has seen its young handicapped and crippled at the moment when the world should have looked its brightest to them. But desperate as has been the plight of the boys and girls who have assailed the doors of business in vain, tragic as has been the lot of the children of the families on relief, bitter as has been the disappointment of that more fortunate group who have at least had family means to support them during a period of unwelcome idleness, nevertheless they are still all ten times blest over the victims of European brutality. Whatever the ills they have suffered, they still enjoy the inestimable privilege of liberty, they still can look to a future in which life may follow a normal course.

It is this knowledge which the sponsors of the Children's Crusade want to instil into the minds of our schoolchildren. They have had the vision to see that youth enlisted in its own cause is doubly served. It is their plan not only to raise through the schools and youth organizations money for the relief of refugee children—a cent a year for each year of age to be contributed when possible by each schoolchild is their suggestion—but through exercises, plays, and talks in the school to make dramatic and personal to them the meaning of American democracy. This is an educational movement on a grand scale, and one which holds possibilities of incalculable good for the future. For here at a time when the excitement of war is heightening the emotional susceptibility of children is a chance to canalize that emotion, to invest it with moment by making it the organ of relief for suffering and with good portent for the future by using it to buttress the foundations of the American way of life. On the children of today here and elsewhere will depend not only the future of our own country but the possibility of drawing a world of present animosity into an amalgamation of nations that can live in peaceful understanding. Surely no cause could be worthier of support than one which guides youth to its own best happiness.

A. L.

Seascape

By Sister M. Thérèse

Upon the stern an angel,
An angel at the bow,
Starboard and port, an angel
And one at watch below.

For none can know the hour,
Or whether night or day,
That death shall walk the water
Atop the crystal spray.

The gulls fly up together
In gleaming, grey patrol,
But who has loved the ocean
Knows terror in his soul.

There is no human tower
Of ultimate defense
When hate shall run like fire
In rash improvidence.

Only is sanctuary
Beneath God's harbor-light;
Each weary human spirit
Is precious in his sight.

And death comes gowned in mercy,
With holy chrism signed,
For that her touch is tender,
For that her hands are kind.

The angels drop like blossoms
Loosed from infinity
To lay their bodies gently
In places of the sea.

At bow and stern an angel
With star-enchanted rod;
Bright pinions curving upward
To lift their souls to God.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mr. Weld to Mr. Davis

SIR:—My novel, "Don't You Cry for Me," was reviewed in the March 30th issue of *The Saturday Review*. In his criticism Mr. Clyde Brion Davis picked out anachronisms to quietly damn the book, saying that "Such inaccuracies do not give one confidence in the fine color the author has injected in his story."

"Don't You Cry for Me" is approximately 200,000 words long. Mr. Davis picks out two songs, "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," and "Clementine," mentioned in the book, as not having been written in 1846-47, when the action of the novel takes place. He points out the word "hoosegow" was not in use at that time. He says that buffalo were not killed by shooting through the head, as I have characters shoot them, but were shot behind the left shoulder. He says I misused the Derringer pistol and called sagebrush mesquite.

I am indebted to Mr. Davis for having pointed out these mistakes to me. I regret having made them. Indeed, he infers the book would have been pretty good if it hadn't been for them. But when he says, "If he (the author) wished to write of the famous case, why change the names of the actors?" I lose confidence in his review.

For Mr. Davis's information: I chose to write a novel because there were not sufficient facts known of the lives of the Donner Party to fill out my conception; there are a number of descendants of the Party living; and good histories of the party have already been written (and though he may doubt it, I have read them).

To show how difficult it is to avoid errors in writing, I would like to call to Mr. Davis's attention one of his own. He says, "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt" was written in 1850. It was published in 1848. His review is approximately 500 words long.

That's quibbling, and I know it.

JOHN WELD.

New York.

Perry Mason's Origin

SIR:—I am struck, in M. A. DeWolfe Howe's article on the *Youth's Companion* (*SRL*, March 23rd), by the name chosen by Daniel Ford for his mythical company—Perry Mason and Company. Doing a little detecting of my own, I wonder if Erle Stanley Gardner didn't read the *Youth's Companion* when he was a boy, and if the name of his daring young lawyer, in all the "Case-of-the" whodunits, did not come from a subconscious memory of this original Perry Mason!

Another sidelight on the article: by his will, Daniel S. Ford left $350,000 to the Baptist Social Union for building what became Ford Hall, with the exception of Cooper Union the oldest and largest of American open forums. Subsidized for many years by the Union, Ford Hall is now financed independently, its activities having grown beyond its original scope. I was connected with it in a minor capacity from 1912 to 1915, and the name of Daniel Sharp Ford was a very familiar one. Of Ford Hall the late Charles Zueblin once said: "If Boston is a State of Mind, Ford Hall must be the capital."

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Cal.

"How many orchids did it get from Walter Winchell?"

Prof. Hook to Prof. Schuman

SIR:—In his review of "Stalin's Kampf" in the *SRL* of April 6th, Frederick L. Schuman excludes five different groups of evaluators of Stalin from the class of "human beings." In the class of human beings, he includes himself and—Stalin. The fifth of the non-human groups consists, according to Mr. Schuman, of only one member, the undersigned. I have not the slightest desire to claim membership in any class in which Messrs. Stalin and Schuman belong. In the interests of public sanitation, however, I think it important to call attention to the highly peculiar qualifications which one must enjoy in order to get into Mr. Schuman's class.

Of Stalin's qualifications we need not speak, since they are well known. But of Mr. Schuman's qualifications we must speak, since he cannot conveniently talk about them himself. They are listed, together with supporting documentation, in the current March-April number of *Partisan Review*, in an article by Frank Trager, entitled "The Strange Case of Frederick L. Schuman." They prove that to qualify as a human being *à la* Schuman, one must repudiate one's views whenever it is dangerous to hold them, knowingly attribute false views to others, defend juridical frameups, insult those like John Dewey who wish to discover the truth about them, and work hand and glove with two of the groups, "Stalinists and Stalinoids" whom Schuman, in great fear, has suddenly discovered to be non-human.

In short, Mr. Schuman seems to be under the impression that to be human means to be completely devoid of intellectual integrity. Unless this is a definition made to fit a special case, and a "strange" case, it must be regarded as a libel upon human beings.

SIDNEY HOOK.

New York City.

Erratum

In reviewing *Tristram Bent*, by Henry Barnard Safford, on page 21 of the March 30 issue, we inadvertently and regretfully printed the title as *Tristram Blent*, and the author's name as Stafford.

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Culbertson & Co.

THE STRANGE LIVES OF ONE MAN. By Ely Culbertson. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 1940. 693 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN SCOTT MABON

ELY CULBERTSON the bridge authority is only one of seven Ely Culbertsons to be found in this book, and he does not appear until near the end. Long before he emerges, the reader has come to know several characters who preceded him and who probably will outlive him. As Mr. Culbertson sees them, they are the epicurean, the idealist, the child, the family man, the philosopher, and the business manager. The celebrity was merely the slick creation of the last. Like many of Mr. Culbertson's ideas, the classification is itself just slick and legendary enough to make good publicity; but it also happens to be truthful.

In one sense, Ely the child was the fruit of the romantic union of a wealthy Scotch-American oil engineer and the beautiful daughter of a Cossack chief. He grew up in the Caucasus in an atmosphere of violence, blood, gentility, and orthodox religion. He suffered the pubescent torments of a sensitive boy in whom has been instilled the belief that sex is sinful. He vanished after one of those disillusioning escapades in a bordello that form a chapter in so many lives. But in another sense, as with all of us, the child lives on, "that part of the adult Ely who has never grown up."

Ely the epicurean, he who lives by the senses, has had an extensive career. As a youth, in common with other wealthy young dandies of Czarist society, he went in heavily for cards, vodka, and women, crowning his success with the conquest of a French actress appropriately named Mlle. Yvette. Later on the epicurean became a Parisian sybarite and a Stendhalian Cassanova who sought to remedy what he thought to be his natural deficiencies by reading everything written on the art of courtship. The epicurean, too, inaugurated the first Culbertson system—the Culbertson Pursuit System, strictly scientific—in his search for the ideal woman. It proved not infallible.

Most memorable of all the Culbertsons is the idealist. As a child he planned to forsake the world for monkhood. At fifteen, when he had soaked himself in Pushkin, Gogol, Turgeniev, Tolstoy, Goethe, Balzac, Flaubert, Mark Twain, Poe, and many others, he determined to be a writer. After 1905, in revulsion against the worldliness of the dandy, he became

Ely Culbertson: epicurean, idealist, philosopher, business man, etc., etc.

a revolutionist, operated a printing press hidden in his Czarist mother's garden house, and was thrown into jail for carrying secret messages. In New York, foregoing a comfortable allowance, he took a room on Mott Street and sold newspapers in the Bowery in order to know The People. In Canada he worked on a railroad gang and organized a strike. He participated in a Mexican revolution under Zapata, was jailed as an anarchist in Spain, and gave away all his money in Paris.

The Ely Culbertson of the bridge table was one of the results of the Russian Revolution. His father ruined by it, his brother Eugene paralyzed by the World War, and his brother Sasha needing funds to become the violin virtuoso the family believed he could be, Ely turned to the one gainful pursuit he knew. The story of his rise from penniless gambler to the peculiar eminence he reached with Mrs. Culbertson is one of delirious ups and downs, astronomical stakes, gruelling matches, and fantastic publicity. He tells it with relish but without complacency. In his account of the subsequent break-up of his marriage with his "favorite partner" he writes of his own shortcomings with a candor and humility which remind one of his earlier observation that "defects are more important than virtues if you want to make an impression on the mass mind."

Thirty years are not a long time to gather the material contained in this colorful and poignant story of seven full lives that have combined against one another to make one unfulfilled life.

BERLIN WAS NOT BIRMINGHAM

(*Continued from page* 5)

lenge, unprepared though we were in September, 1938 rather than wait until Germany had established her predominance in central Europe," and then goes on to add: "'It would be presumptuous for me to be dogmatic on such points."

But the crucial question is not whether Mr. Chamberlain took the right line at Munich but whether successive Conservative governments had not failed to prepare Britain so that force could support the foreign policy she was espousing. In January, 1938 the Ambassador reported that Germany would soon have between 4000 and 5000 first line aircraft; that the development of air defense had "reached a degree of efficiency probably unknown in any other country." Yet Britain did nothing and in the House of Commons Mr. Chamberlain had to defend Munich by saying that, in view of Britain's lack of preparation, he had no other alternative.

History will also be the judge of whether, after Prague, Great Britain made her intentions sufficiently clear. Would she *fight* for Poland? Sir Nevile Henderson endeavored to convince Hitler and his associates that Great Britain would, but did they believe him? In one of his famous cartoons published in July, 1939 David Low pictured Chamberlain and Halifax holding papers saying "We shall resist" and "We cannot remain unmoved." They were pointing their fingers at the Nazis, but above them there was a fist marked "We shall fight" and the Nazis were quailing. Great Britain hesitated to use the words "fight" or "war" until late in the day and the Nazi propaganda bureau could publish British speeches and notes in ungarbled form and could make millions of Germans believe that it was Great Britain's decision to have a war.

Sir Nevile did not dissimulate with Adolph Schicklgruber who took Germany into war. Without war he could have had Danzig and part of the Polish Corridor. Later he could have secured more—"peacefully"—as he did from the international commission after Munich and as a result of the Prague coup. But instead he plunged Europe into war. Was this "the failure of a mission?" Had not the failure—of omission rather than commission—occurred before—in London and Paris? On this question Sir Nevile's honest book will be an indispensable authority.

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"Literature" of the Air

RADIO'S PERPETUAL EMOTION

KATHERINE BEST

A FEW months back, three delivery trucks drew up before the doors of the Columbia Broadcasting Building in New York. Inside the vans were packages of every size and shape from every corner of the United States. And inside the packages were items of every conceivable nature—ties, cufflinks, handkerchiefs, china, lingerie, an end table, house slippers, cigarette cases, floor lamps, a portable radio and even three carving sets. All were addressed to Dr. and Mrs. John Wayne.

There are no such persons as Dr. and Mrs. John Wayne in the Columbia Broadcasting Building, or, for that matter, anywhere. Actually, they exist only in thin air, for they are the principals of a radio serial called *Big Sister,* in which the physician hero, named John Wayne, recently married the heroine, Ruth. The three truck-loads of packages consisted of wedding gifts sent by unknown admirers who evidently visualized the radio newly-weds as real persons.

The Waynes are but two of 500 radio serial characters who experience this literal response to their fictional adventures every day. When Tiny Tim of the *Hilltop House* series became lost via a recent Thursday morning script, hundreds of letters were received by the broadcasting company, all giving minute clues to his whereabouts, one listener claiming to have seen him in the flesh on a certain wave-swept portion of Lake Michigan, bobbing about in a rowboat and in dire need of rescue. Hilltop House is the fictional name of a fictional refuge for fictional orphans, but to date there have been forty requests from actual guardians of actual orphans for permission to place their charges within its kindly portals. When Ruth, heroine of *Just Plain Bill,* prolonged her indecision between suitors David and Carey for an indefinite period, the suspense evidently became more than a middle-Western town could bear. The radio company received a petition, signed by every resident of the city, pleading with Ruth to choose David.

Eighty-one times a day, from 8:30 in the morning until 6 in the afternoon, listening America is bombarded with the quivering adventures of radio's daytime heroes and heroines. Eighty-four per cent of all daylight time on the air is devoted to dramatizations of "true-to-life" problems. One big network carries eleven consecutive daytime serials, or two hours and forty-five continuous minutes of "down-to-earth" drama every day of the week. Six times a day there are three serials running simultaneously on the major networks; three times a day there are four running simultaneously. By six o'clock Friday evening, America's serial fans are supercharged with crises in sex, self-preservation, and family life.

These 40,000,000 apparently insatiable listeners consist for the most part of women and they constitute the most loyal audience in public entertainment today.

THEY are, in short, the dollar sign of the air. For them, radio script writers like Mr. and Mrs. F. Hummert, the most prolific of all serial writers, Irna Phillips, Elaine Stern Carrington, Mrs. Gertrude Berg, and some two dozen others concoct daily dilemma-dramas which ease drudgery at the drainboard and sell soap at the counter to the tune of a $30,000,000-a-year-business.

But support of the radio serials is far from unanimous. In fact, letter files of the radio companies are shot through with complaints and threats of boycott by housewives who consider the daytime serial a shocking affront to their intelligence, a fearful waste of a mighty medium. The recent "I'm

Realism in radio. "Dr. and Mrs. John Wayne," (left), pose for their "wedding" photograph. The Goldbergs (right) act out their story as though they were playing to a theatre audience, and use no false sound effects.

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Not Listening" campaign, sponsored by forty women's clubs in Westchester County, New York, and the National Federation of Women's Clubs, is a determined effort to stem the tide of daylight radio drivel.

These women, estimated at 1,000,000 strong, have appointed a national radio committee to conduct a survey among the likely serial addicts and to amass sympathizers. They have jotted the names of offending programs on postcards and mailed them in annoying overwhelming numbers to the radio stations carrying these programs. They have upbraided publicly the sponsors for willfully "underestimating the nation's taste and intelligence," for "stupidity," and for "not knowing women."

"We want reviews of plays and books," they demanded via the newspapers. "We want educational programs. We'd rather have a prize fight or a baseball game broadcast than these triangle things and unmerciful love stories!"

In rebuttal to the "I'm Not Listening," the radio companies point to their daytime "culture" programs such as John T. Frederick's "Of Men and Books" (Mr. Frederick reviews and discusses current best sellers and introduces to his mid-afternoon audiences such writers and lecturers as Dr. Mortimer Adler, Klaus Mann, Robert Nathan, Pearl Buck, and H. L. Mencken); to Ted Malone's "Between the Book Ends" (Mr. Malone's broadcast is devoted primarily to the reading of poems submitted by members of his radio audience. He has received as many as 2,100 original poems in one day. His average is 300); to Joseph Henry Jackson's "Reader's Guide" (during Mr. Jackson's fifteen years as an airwave book critic, he has reviewed more than 3,500 books).

THE radio companies point, too, to the infinitely larger force of women who are listening to the serialized "drool," and to the unassailable fact that the $30,000,000 income from sales of quarter-hour daytime periods on the air amounts to one-third of all radio income. They point out, too, that programs such as Town Hall Meeting of the Air, the Toscanini-NBC Symphony Orchestra broadcasts, the Metropolitan Opera concerts—these and similar cultural—and non-cultural—programs are possible only because "Ma Perkins," "The Goldbergs," "Myrt and Marge," and radio entertainments of like ilk are paying the bills.

These sagas of the saccharine, called "soap operas" in the trade, first saw the blight of day in Chicago ten years ago, sired by economy and dammed by the newspaper serial and comic strip. *The Goldbergs, Ma Perkins, Little Orphan Annie*—these serialized cheapies were tried out almost simultaneously over local Chicago stations to ease the economic strain of morning musical shows. At best, they were considered fillers-in; at worst, experiments.

Frank Hummert. He fathered a factory for radio serials.

Public response was instantaneous and terrific. Letters, telephone calls, gifts poured into the local stations. Every ex-newspaperman who considered himself a decent candidate for writer's cramp poured out reams of "little people" copy. Articulate women whose minds whirled with homey detail and "wish-fulfillment" melodramatics tried to capitalize on this new found appetite for two-penny catastrophe and pseudo-glamour. The daytime serial spread from local station to local network, from local network to national network. Today *four* national networks blanket the nation with serials. Thus was born a new group of writers whose productiveness makes the Dickens and the Thackerays and the Dumases look like wordsissies. Thus was born, too, a serialized "art form" that is unique in the world today.

Forty years ago there was the penny-dreadful. Thirty years ago there were ten-twent-thirts. Twenty years ago the to-be-continued-next-week movie thriller. Today there is soap opera and where it will all lead nobody knows, for the soap opera's claim to fame is its never-ending complications in the lives of characters just-like-the-folks-next-door. "Woe" is the least common denominator, enveloping the characters in an eternal procession of burnt biscuits, missed trains, splinter wounds, and backporch misunderstandings. Philosophy of the cracker-barrel variety, hysteria, and physical danger are the infallible ingredients. Smalltown family life, passion, and melodrama—these were the labels under which a manufacturer would profitably dispose of more soap. "The Goldbergs" and "Ma Perkins" set the pace for the "advice" perennials. "Myrt and Marge" introduced the formula for two-bit glamour and distaff hysteria. "Little Orphan Annie" started a trend in puny melodramatics.

It is a long airlane that has no turning. The beginning of each year since 1930 has seen the number of daytime dramatic serials increase in exact ratio to audience insatiability. In 1929 there was only "Amos 'n' Andy," a comedy. In 1940 there are eighty-one dramatic serials, the highest number in the history of radio. With the exception of a few fad subjects such as internes and glamour girls, and the most recent of dramatic transcriptions, "Light of the World," an "up-to-date," modernized version of that best seller of all time, the Bible—the serials today are similar to those of 1930.

"THE Goldbergs," that venerable saga of the simple life, has for a decade followed the philosophic dictates of Molly, a gentle, voluble matriarch. Molly started mothering her brood of Goldbergs on the East Side in New York City. In ten years the family has moved to Park Avenue, to a Connecticut milltown, to innumerable rural communities, all the while solving multitudinous problems of unemployment, home training, budget, and social snobbery. This serial is written, directed, and acted in by Mrs. Gertrude Berg, who has produced over 3000 "Goldberg" scripts and receives $2000 a week for her writing-directing, acting chores. She decided while fictionally ensconsed on Park Avenue that perhaps her "typical family" was getting out of touch with "life." Next week's scripts saw Papa Goldberg lose a fortune, the family gain "realism."

Mrs. Berg does not confine her realism to the printed word. If the script calls for Rosie to answer a phone, Rosie picks up a real phone in the studio. If eggs are to be fried, real eggs are broken into real frying pans before the microphone. If the script calls for Molly to wash Rosie's hair, Mrs. Berg calls for tub, water, and soap, and an actual shampoo is administered in the studio while millions of entranced housewives listen over the airwaves instead of over the fence.

Ten years ago Myrtle Vail conceived the idea of dramatizing the events in the life of her daughter, Donna Vail. Donna was a vaudeville and night club entertainer whose backstage experiences were of consummate interest to her close friends; therefore, according to the realistic Mrs. Vail, they might be of interest to a wider audience. Mrs.

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Vail jotted down familiar incidents in Donna's heretofore private life, presented the outline to William Wrigley, the chewing gum king, and signed a contract within an hour. Result: "Myrt and Marge." Story: Donna Vail's own life. This serial, now sponsored by Supersuds, has long since devoured the backstage portion of Donna's career. It is now no more than a transcription in dialogue of Donna's diary. If Donna goes shopping or dances in a nightclub or gets married or has a baby, Marge goes shopping, dances in a nightclub, gets married, and has a baby. When Marge was blessed, via script, with a bundle of heavenly joy, the studio was deluged with mittens, rattles, toys, and tiny hand-knitted garments. They came in very handy with Donna's own baby.

Two of the most productive writers of daytime serials are Elaine Stern Carrington and Irna Phillips. Mrs. Carrington turns out 20,000 words a week which are pretty evenly divided between "Pepper Young's Family" and "When a Girl Marries." Her fan mail on these programs has convinced her that all American families are beset by five major problems:

1) Should sixteen and seventeen year old children use the family car?

2) Should children be paid for performing small household chores, such as cutting the grass?

3) Should the family wait up for a partying youngster?

4) How late should a seventeen-year-old be allowed to stay out?

5) Should a child follow in the parent's business footsteps?

The crises in "Pepper Young's Family" and "When a Girl Marries" invariably spring from one of these transcendental verities.

MISS PHILLIPS writes four scripts daily—"The Woman in White," "The Guiding Light," "The Right to Happiness," and "The Road to Life." Two are concerned with doctors, one with a minister, and one with a family. This adds up to about 2,500,000 words a year or twenty-four good-sized novels. Miss Phillips dictates her scripts at a 1000-words-an-hour clip, acting out all the parts and sometimes even producing her own sound effects. She works nine hours a day, three weeks ahead of broadcasts, and earns about $4000 a week. Her wordage since writing her first serial in 1934 totals 10,000,000. Her formula is a strict adherence to the smalltown-woman-with-an-emotional-problem-in-physical-danger rule, the perfect serial being, she says, "all three at once if you can manage." Her characters are inclined to spout verbose generalities on tolerance, security, health, and "the goal of life." Her serials have been credited through radio polls with the largest audience of all quarter-hour daytime programs. In the Spring of 1936, she offered her novelized version of "Today's Children" for sale to her radio listeners upon receipt of a letter and fifty cents. Within three weeks, the sale had reached 300,000. A similarly fictionalized offer of "The Guiding Light" was made soon after that phenomenal return, and the author was promptly gratified by a demand for 275,000 copies. It is estimated that 12,000,000 people a day listen over 300 stations to the Phillips sermons.

For real prolificness, however, there are no competitors to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hummert who collaborate each week on fifty-five daytime serials, or 7,000,000 words a year, the equivalent of sixty-five good-sized novels. Their eleven daily daytime serials, each running five times a week ("Just Plain Bill," "John's Other Wife," "David Harum," "Lorenzo Jones," "Young Widder Brown," "Backstage Wife," "Stella Dallas," "Helen Trent," "Our Gal Sunday," "Doc Barclay's Daughters," and "Amanda of Honeymoon Hill") were computed recently to reach a weekly audience of half a billion listeners.

Frank Hummert was one of the original Chicago newspapermen who entered this profligate and profitable field. His first serial was "Just Plain Bill," the story of a smalltown barber whose mortgage on his shop was about to be foreclosed and whose daughter, reared and educated in a wealthy Eastern community, was about to return to her hometown. This idea provided the infallible "everyday" element plus an insoluble conflict between father and daughter. "Just Plain Bill" is going into its ninth year now. It has become a case of perpetual emotion. As fast as one scriptual heartache is eased, another and more poignant one takes its place. Six months after its initial airing, the sponsors decided to test the program's drawing power, announcing over the air that "Just Plain Bill" fans could see their favorite radio actor in the flesh at New York's Roxy theatre for ten cents and a Kolynos Toothpaste carton. Within ten days 175,000 people, mostly women, had pushed 175,000 dimes and 175,000 Kolynos cartons through the window at the Roxy. It is still the personal appearance record for the house.

"David Harum" at the microphone.

FOR cereals, for soap, and for floor wax, Frank Hummert now began to concoct similarly insoluble conflicts for radio dramatization. From the barber "who triumphs because of the goodness of his heart," Hummert turned to two "real life" plots of women who are married to husbands of conspicuously wayward natures.

The Hummerts soon discovered that approximately eighty per cent of their fan mail came from women over thirty-five. They originated "The Romance of Helen Trent," the serialized adventures of a woman thirty-five years of age whose husband has left her for a younger girl. "David Harum" and "Stella Dallas" came next, two scripts based on well-known fictional characters, and prolonged past the events of the published novels—way past. Edwin Westcott would never recognize his David, nor would Mrs. Prouty distinguish any similarity to her original Stella, so lushly have these brain-children grown.

It became necessary, as each of these "successful stories of unsuccessful people" gained immediate and increasingly large audiences, to contrive a Hummert method of production that could keep pace with the Hummert method of gaining listeners. A system of writing was devised whereby Frank and Anne Hummert dictated the story lines (plot sequences) of their scripts, then turned them over to dialogue writers for the more minute chores of filling in.

Today the Hummert serial mill employs twenty dialogue writers, six script readers, and sixty clerical assistants who do nothing but copy the finished scripts. Even so, the plot construction of fifty-five serial scripts a week requires fourteen hours a day working time of the Hummerts themselves. This time, however, is not wholly devoted to writing. The Hummerts are also directors of the Blackett-Sample-Hummert Advertising Agency which handles nearly a third of all daytime serials and buys more time on the air from the broadcasting companies than any other agency in the business. In addition to the fifty-five daytime serials, there are twenty-five evening programs written and produced

(*Continued on page* 16)

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The Conscience of an American Businessman

THEIR OWN COUNTRY. By Alice Tisdale Hobart. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1940. 405 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

AT the beginning of this novel Stephen and Hester Chase return to "their own country," after selling "oil for the lamps of China." Hester comes back first, fleeing a starving and war-plagued country so that her baby may be born in the safety of New York. Stephen follows, many months later, having been eased out of the big American Oil Company to which he has given twenty years of loyal and often dangerous service. He is a man past forty, with a wife and child, looking for a job. He is an experienced executive, but even in boom-time America a middle-aged man who has resigned from an excellent position, for no explicable reason, finds few doors open to him. Stephen's problem is complicated by the fact that he has a conscience—he is unable to dodge the belief that "his own integrity is rooted in society." Years of big business have not shaped him to its mold. In "Their Own Country" Mrs. Hobart tells the story of Stephen's struggle and of Stephen's conscience. She tells it against the background of American prosperity, panic, and depression.

A college classmate, never a friend, gives Stephen a toe-hold in the fur storage business, but Stephen has no stomach for the contemptible role he is expected to play. Through the help of the same designing acquaintance he is then lifted into one of the top spots in a new merger of food companies. All he has to do is to play the game as he is told to play it, and draw down more than he has ever earned before. He can lavish luxuries on Hester and little Tim, join the right clubs, know the right people, and enjoy the respect of those who ask only that he be like themselves. For a time he does his best to conform, but again conscience intervenes—a conscience obviously too delicate for business as it is known to our generation. Then a real friend, Jo Tuttle, head of the old and flourishing Tuttle Farm Implement Company, offers him a chance to work out his destiny, if he can, by becoming manager of an industrial alcohol plant in a small Kansas town. Stephen takes the chance. And Mrs. Hobart moves into the second part of her story.

Its course may be briefly indicated. Stephen finds himself fighting all the way: first to put the plant in the black and to establish himself and

Drawing by Francisca Bolles

Mrs. Hobart knows business life without exaggeration.

Hester in the town; then to deal with various problems of increasing difficulty. The depression that follows Wall Street's panic of 1929 nearly licks him. —but Stephen has become interested in a process that converts corn alcohol into engine fuel, and with Jo's acquiescence he reorganizes the business, by persuading the employees to invest along with him and engage in the new venture on a coöperative basis. The argument is that if the farmers can be sold on the new "blend," the plant can buy the farmers' corn, and the purchasing power of the farmers—for Tuttle implements, among other things—will then be restored. The effort to set this new cycle of prosperity in motion, at least locally, is the last phase of Stephen's fight, and the spirit in which he meets its almost inevitable conclusion is (I think the author would have us believe) the spirit that guarantees our country's future.

Mrs. Hobart has organized her novel competently and peopled it with characters that are, in the majority, acceptable and satisfactory. Some readers, not unfamiliar with profit-and-loss sheets, may wonder how Stephen, working on so small a scale with an overhead that was obviously considerable, ever expected to make his fuel a paying proposition; and other readers will note that Mrs. Hobart has been content to employ generously the stereotypes of popular magazine fiction. But Mrs. Hobart writes of American business life informedly and without exaggeration, painting the jungle not entirely black but with moral shadings of gray and even lighter tints. Her feeling for her scene is warm and intimate, and her frequent Chinese-American parallels are interesting. She has skilfully balanced her domestic and business stories, and supplemented her drama of mature love with a young-love sub-plot.

Recollections in Tranquillity

MORNING SHOWS THE DAY. By Evelyn Bolster. New York: Vanguard Press. 1940. 301 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SCHERMAN

HOW many of us really know what we felt like when we were children? Most of the memories we have are no more than memories of memories—the spirit of life has long since gone out of them. Sometimes a smell, or the shape of a familiar building will bring back a whole period of childhood, details telescoped upon one another in tiny precision. But the feeling goes as quickly as those moments of reincarnation from some old dream.

To recapture not only the details of childhood, but the whole weave and feel of it requires a sensitivity of memory and perception which few writers have. The author of "Morning Shows the Day" has it in abundance. She makes her three child characters come alive for us through one lovely year. She does not condescend to them; nor yet does she talk baby talk to convince us that they are really children. Her style is sophisticated and expressive. We see not only the children's thoughts and feelings, but the country they are living in—the driftwood-covered sandy shore of the warm Sound, the dusty summer road with a few shabby wooden houses on it, the tame, sunny woods of the Eastern shore, with their small fragrant pines, their little rivers and sudden lonely, secret, open spots. Against this loveable and familiar background the children play, quarrel, go to school. The children are often naughty; they lie when they are afraid; they are cruel when they don't understand. But they have unquestioning loyalty to one another, and a consuming, grown-up tenderness for their father, who is the center of their lives.

The best thing in the book is the description of the children's games. Miss Bolster remembers well how every duty a child has is turned into a game. There is the race getting dressed in the morning—the last one down has to wash the oatmeal pot. There is the staying-in-bed game, where each body is a family—heads are mothers, bodies are fathers, arms are girls and legs are boys.

But the book is more than a catalogue of details. It takes us back to a different level of life, so that when we finish reading it we no longer remember that we are grown-up. It recreates a whole era, and becomes not one story of a particular family, but a picture of all childhood.

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"LITERATURE" OF THE AIR

(*Continued from page* 13)

by the Hummert agency, and eight night-time transcriptions of daytime shows, a business that has required the purchase of $7,293,489 worth of time on the air for 1937; $12,493,833 for 1938; and $10,700,000 for 1939—approximately one-eighth of all radio time. The agency nets about $1,500,000 annually, the Hummerts about $175,000.

Since 1930 the Hummert shows have received 75,000,000 letters from listeners, eighty per cent accompanied by proof of purchase, usually a boxtop or carton. This is one-third of all fan mail received from radio listeners in the country. The letters come under three classifications: (1) contest returns, the surest guarantee of a program's pull; (2) correspondence suggesting changes in the story and offering condolences or congratulations to character actors; and (3) letters asking for advice, a job, or money.

The most dependable method of estimating a program's year-in, year-out audience is the Crosley Rating, a computation based on telephone calls made in sample towns. The most popular serials, such as "The Goldbergs," "David Harum," "Road to Life," "Myrt and Marge," have a daily audience of 10,000,000 each. No broadcast serial has less than 2,000,000, and 5,000,000 is the number generally accepted as an average.

Ordinarily it takes a serial from one to two years to hit its audience stride, all the early and most popular ones having required that length of time to reach their potential listening group of 10,000,000. This means that a sponsor must spend about half a million dollars—or one dollar a word—before he can be certain that his show is competing favorably with similar programs.

Few serial writers develop their story to its logical conclusion. Once an insoluble conflict has been established, they create a daily crisis which will tease the listeners over night and a Friday super-crisis that will hold them quivering until Monday. The Friday full-Nelson is powerful with promise and drenched in passion. Witness this week-end tease for "Amanda of Honeymoon Hill:

> "How will Amanda, endearing, trustful but ignorant of all modern ways of life, get along with Edward's rich, sophisticated family? Is Sylvia, Edward's fiancee, jealous? What will happen if Edward discovers that Amanda means more to him than all the world?"

Methods of stirring the emotions of listeners run in cycles. For a while, smuggling and kidnapping were parts of every daytime serial worth its sugar; then came automobile accidents, then operating rooms, then the birth of babies. One week last December six babies were born. Frank Hummert initiated one of his characters into "hysterical blindness," a grisly but exotic affliction which so hypnotized the listeners that four competitive scripts embodied the identical ailment within a week. There is a tendency at the present moment to treat psychoses and neuroses with more than passing script interest. Once in a while a serial will touch on war or racial prejudice, but these are considered "controversial" and "unwise."

The prolongation of a crisis is to some listeners the serial's most irritating feature, to some its most ecstatic. The serious illness of a character always brings a flood of solicitous letters to the studio, sometimes even threatening ones, like this one to "Life Can Be Beautiful": "If you let Papa David die we will never buy another package of Ivory Flakes." And this: "For goodness sake, bring 'Road of Life' to a climax or you will have everyone hating Chipso!" And this one to "Our Gal Sunday": "Please don't drag this suspense of Anne's disappearance any more nights. My little girl is weak worrying about her."

Returns on the "I'm Not Listening" survey, so earnestly conducted by America's clubwomen (called the We-Girls by irked broadcasting executives), are not yet in. Unless they show some startling and illuminating facts concerning the "average" American housewife and her fictional tastes, radio will undoubtedly continue to gorge the airlanes with serials. From 8:30 in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening, every day of the week from Monday through Friday. And why shouldn't it? Nothing, evidently, succeeds like excess.

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COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

OLD FABLE FOR NEW CRITICS

(*Continued from page* 4)

least as many foibles, which on examination appear rather uncalled for as ever were found in the eighteenth century original. In the first place, of course, the 1940 model is the enemy of "correctness," and all for the natural, the easy, the formless, it may even be the down-at-heel. It is true that he is nearly as ferocious as his predecessor, though he tends to be suggestively downright and allusively dogmatic. He is more at home at 21 East 52 than in any academic cloister, which may be clear gain, though it corresponds to his tendency to over-complicate rather than to over-simplify. Nevertheless, on occasion he can over-simplify in fast company and beat them all to it. He has a definite predilection for the subliminal as opposed to what may be clear to the conscious mind, though he is visibly more familiar with the jargon than with the meaning of the psycho-analyst. In spite, or because, of his learning toward mysticism he probably admires Professor Einstein, though he is capable of mentioning Mr. Charles Fort in the same breath as a figure of not disproportionate magnitude. His view on the whole seems to be that the less understandable anything may be to the laity, the more honorable it

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is in the sight of the elect. Superiority is somehow necessarily a part of the not too "transpicuous gloom" which groundlings call obscurity. His admiration is reserved for what perhaps can be felt but cannot be shared or explained, in other words something too deeply subjective to be exposed in common daylight. Reflexes are important and so is incomprehensible sound.

Shall we blame him if he rejoices that cadences, puns, syllables damnably iterated for their own sakes, have escaped magnificently over the poor barbed-wire barriers of meaning? Or if in a note he undertakes the exegesis of some "spiritual anacoluthon," that the enigmatic black page of Tristram Shandy should be a concatenated sorites by comparison.

It is only fair to admit, however, that the new Aristarchus has some beliefs that verge diffidently on the definite. Enthusiasm for what is new is part of his dogma, which is occasionally unfortunate, for he is perfectly willing to leave the great work of time ruined and unread in favor of after-births, which, as in all periods, may not be so hot. When André Gide has to be got through, with or without a dictionary, before our summer reading number goes to press, why should the new Aristarchus waste valuable time on the palaeontology of an extinct saurian like the Second Part of Faust? An essay by a party-member in good standing will provide what is necessary to be known with respect to "the impact of Dante." And will not some one else's notions on Lancelot Andrews satisfy all requirements as to the early seventeenth century? Surely! Surely! Besides we live in the present. Oddly enough as an expert on art has pointed out, so does Homer.

Another aspect of the new dogma is suggested by the phrase "social content." What Aristarchus would do without those two blessed words in this awful epoch, when for the first time in history anything whatever of the faintest importance has happened, is too dreadful even to think about. Why, he couldn't even kick Keats over the precipice of oblivion, with a casual remark to the effect that stuff of that sort is for old women. O Dian bending over Latmos! Wordsworth in contemplation of the British Botany would have to be left unmolested to his simple pleasures, as he has in general been left. But so long as "social content" is well oiled with the cam-shaft turning and the rocker-arms jumping up and down, all is well. And we shall provide a new poetry that will have the effect of edicts. God send the new edicts have the effect of poetry. If they don't something will have got lost somewhere.

Obviously the obverse of "Social Content" is another blessed word, "escape." The accomplished Robert Benchley once remarked, in a paper not sufficiently well known, that in his opinion escape was a damned good idea. But I don't think Aristarchus has ever liked Robert Benchley. Anyhow, Aristarchus uses the word constantly in a denigrating and derogatory sense, implying apparently that cowardly mankind, in some natural fear of "social content," is constantly "escaping" to Utopia, or the Fortunate Islands, or Coral Gables. It appears that the only motives for visiting these regions must be base.

Even poets know that men are unhappy and they have gone so far as to say so from time to time. But to improve the lot of the unhappy, is a question necessarily of proper methods and not necessarily of propaganda. And one may reasonably believe that it is better for a poet to write as good poetry as possible rather than to plant more prejudice in a field where there has never been much of a crop of reason anyhow. In spite of Aristotle, as has been said, man doesn't live by politics alone. And for that reason, as for several others, to say that a man who has been carried away by some profound vision is ipso facto fleeing from the complexities of life and the sufferings of men seems to me a perversion of truth, in which it is hard for us to determine whether stupidity or absurdity predominates.

In fact, it would appear that the foibles of the new Aristarchus are no more admirable than those of the curmudgeon scholar who was the avowed enemy of Pope and the unconscious enemy of Milton. Bentley's hidden dogmatic assumptions are at least simple and clear. One could always tell where the old true-penny was working in the ground so fast. Nothing in him was cloudy or allusive. He was not vaguely or obliquely on the side of humanitarian angels, provided it didn't interfere with gay evenings at whatever corresponded to the Algonquin. It would have been impossible for him to practice psycho-analysis without first getting a working knowledge of its principles and methods. Certainly he would have shrunk from becoming a Marxist without reading "Das Kapital." That he was insensitive, and bore a strong resemblance to an unusually obstinate and extremely awkward bull may be true. Fortunately the shop through which he charged contained only shatter-proof china. But a brief forty years hence it is a fair bet that the figures, from whom his more complicated allotrope has been synthesized, are going to look at least as obstinate, fully as awkward, and even more ridiculous. Perhaps it will be urged in their favor that they broke quite a number of easily replaceable pieces of line-production Copenhagen in the crockery department behind the red front of a Woolworth store.

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By Haru Matsui

RESTLESS WAVE

MODERN AGE BOOKS, 432 4th Avenue, NEW YORK

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Mass-Production in Espionage

GERMAN SECRET SERVICE AT WORK. By Bernard Newman. New York: McBride. $2.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH GOLLOMB

TODAY a factual book on espionage has to be up-to-date indeed in material or concept to escape the fate of last month's newspaper. Two chapters of Mr. Newman's book do deal with German spying in Poland and Czechoslovakia, but one need only mention those two countries in connection with German espionage to realize how fast the tempo of history renders such material dated. Even these chapters in the book detail mostly petty snooping by servants and peddlers, stenographers and schoolteachers. It is true that this still goes on and that such information is pieced together, but the sum total is seldom pivotal in modern history. As a matter of fact most of the book goes back to 1914-18 and the spies and gadgets of that period, Mata Hari and invisible inks, von Rintelen and incendiary bombs disguised as lumps of coal, elementary ciphers and messages elaborately disguised as sheet music and petticoat lace. There is a chapter on the Maginot Line but it has little to do with spying and consists of material the French War Office has industriously made public.

The author was formerly a member of British Intelligence, now writing on espionage. There is practically no personal experience in the book however, to offset the impression that the material has been culled from other books fairly familiar to the spy stuff fan. Except such chiefs as Colonel Nikolai, who was head of German espionage during the First World War and still functions, the spy turned writer has little more than crumbs to offer the reader. Mr. Newman's book is handicapped therefore when it ventures into observations of any considerable scope. It becomes a matter of guessing and the reader's guess is as good as his. An example is what he says of the concrete used in the Maginot Line. "In spite of all efforts, a vast expenditure of money and the loss of some of their finest operatives, the Germans utterly failed to discover the simple secret of the French concrete. *This failure may cost them the war.*" The italics are the author's.

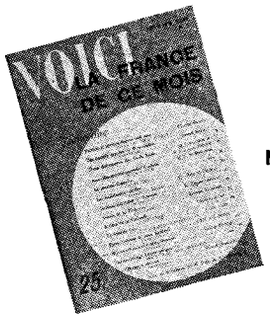
The outstanding fact is that the trend in modern espionage as in industry has reduced the role of the individual to that of a small cog in a vast machine. As far back as the Franco-Prussian War the German spymaster, Stieber, used an army of thirty thousand spies as an organized army. Hitler has brought Stieber's technique up to date. The glamor of the lone spy who single-handed made sizeable history was good enough as Oppenheim fiction, but as fact has to give way to the more authentic glamor of the mass-production machine. Even as escape reading new books on espionage have to face this challenge.

Joseph Gollomb is the author, among other books, of "Master Man Hunters."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 316)

LORD CHESTERFIELD
LETTERS

Omit every circumstance that is not material, and beware of digressions. . . . Never hold anybody by the button or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.



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Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
ROMANCE IN CRIMSON *Octavus Roy Cohen* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Nawthen gal visiting Dixie country club accused of shooting local belle. Lover and lawyer iron it out.	Engaging blend of crime, young love, base villainy, comic colored folk and competent enough deducing with garrison finish.	O. K.
BLUE MASK STRIKES AGAIN *Anthony Morton* (Lippincott: $2.)	John (Blue Mask) Mannering again takes up weary load of desprit doings, retrieves gems, avenges murder, and annoys peelers.	Although all Blue Masks seem to be cut from same bolt, new variations on Rafflesque theme provide pleasant entertainment.	Ennui chaser
FRIDAY THE 13th *Jefferson Farjeon* (Bobbs Merrill: $2.)	London bourgeois with waspish wife meets tragic adventure on rural cycle trip. Mystifying murders elucidated by Insp. Kendall.	Atmosphere, background, characters, suspense and detecting all top-notch, with writing, as usual, impeccable.	First rate
DEATH CAME DANCING *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.)	Exotic beauty garroted, and jewelry stolen at Panamanian ball. Elisha Macomber encounters second killing before pay-off.	Macombers Capecodderies go well in tropical scenery, and there's plenty of emoting and well thought-out sleuthing.	Excellent
THE NARRACONG RIDDLE *August Derleth* (Scribner's: $2.)	Old, sinful V. V. Narracong died naturally—said the Wisconsin coroner. But caustic Gisella N. found something; and called Judge Peck—ancient detective.	The skilfully created mood of brooding evil deserved a less hackneyed solution. Miss Wilberforce, the butler—he is one for the record.	Worth reading
DEATH IS AN EARLY RISER *John Mason Bigelow* (Scribner's: $2.)	Young sculptress found beaten and dead in Greenwich Village "arty" rooming house. Cocksure Inspector Caesar (call me Bob) Darrow displays patience and the criminal.	Tight, bright story telling. The punch finish is telegraphed; but, surprisingly, the suspense is heightened rather than diminished.	A click

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THE NEW BOOKS

Biography

I GO HORIZONTAL. By Duff Gilfond. Vanguard. 1940. 281 *pp.* $2.50.

By the time Duff Gilfond was twenty-eight she was already a successful journalist, her name familiar to newspapers and magazines, had one published book to her credit, notes for another, "a not so bad-looking husband," and the reputation of being a crack tennis player. She was, moreover, endowed with a physical buoyancy that made the coming of each new day a conscious pleasure. Then one morning—it was in 1930—she woke up with a devastating headache such as she had never known before. It went away only to recur in the days and weeks following, with growing ferocity.

Before long her work became torture and she was repeatedly forced to leave it for the nearest available couch and to "go horizontal." There followed a decade of struggle with the pain she called "The Cloud"—"the name I had given my enemy because of what it did to my once clear sky." Now, perpendicular once again, she tells us of her experiences in those ten years in a book packed with humor, lively characterizations and observations. Aided and hindered by physicians, nurses, and hospitals, she has fought her way back, and we leave her if not wholly recovered, at least able to enjoy a dance.

The disease responsible for the "Cloud" was the mystery popularly known as "sleeping-sickness"; as *lethargic encephalitis* it was much discussed by the medical profession during the World War. It is a disease of the brain and no one knows yet what causes it. (It has of course no relation whatever to the African fly-carried "sleeping-sickness".) Until the virus or organism responsible has been discovered its treatment must remain purely speculative and unsatisfactory. Its commonest symptoms are drowsiness and intense pain; about half of its victims die in coma; of the remainder many are left with permanently impaired brain tissue.

Duff Gilfond, who knew how to look for the information she wanted, went to the library and got the whole story. But she couldn't be downed. And that is why her book is in no sense a depressing one. On the contrary. Even when recalling her darkest moments there is no trace of morbidness or self-pity in her brief allusion to them, and she always remains the gallant fighter.

We follow her from one specialist to another, sharing her suspense, but always delighting in her courage, wit, and journalistic skill at lively narrative and portraiture that is colorful and incisive.

M. S. U.

Fiction

LIFE IN THE ARK. By Russell David Burge. Harrison-Hilton. 1940. 263 *pp.* $2.50.

The "Ark" is a great gabled house in a small town, and Mr. Burge's book is about the people who live in this house—the Button family. The Button family is presided over by Amos Button, a lawyer, a tall, grim-faced fellow whose character is never very clear. He has a wife, Deborah, who is a pregnant recluse, an odd, neurotic who has always wanted a son and who has little affection for the six daughters she has borne. These daughters, untended, unnoticed, almost, have grown up to be rather wild creatures with a great hunger for affection.

When Mrs. Button's seventh child turns out to be a boy there is great excitement in the Ark. But when the boy grows up to be a spoiled, over-indulged child, he is hated by his sisters, who are jealous of him and resentful of the affection he has received that they have been denied.

The story, such as it is, concerns the death of the heir at the hand of one of the daughters. She is accused of the crime, and the last third of the book is taken up with the trial. In this crisis her sisters and her father stick by her, and, through their loyalty, she is acquitted.

Throughout there is a thin love story which might have been better developed. None of the characters is very clear, unfortunately, and the author has persistently avoided dramatic situations. The most dramatic situation in the book is the killing of Eugene, the sister's baby brother. This is told in less than two pages.

Jo saw her (Judy) lift her brother clear, examine for one lurid moment something of what he was up to, and then with a thrust of her strong body send him headlong down the first flight of stairs. It was deliberate, horrible—yet Jo could, even then, almost sympathize with Judy. Eugene's body struck with a crack, toppled and crashed to the landing.

That is the killing and that is the way it is told. It is the core of the book.

J. W.

Miscellaneous

ON MEDLOCK FARM. By Henry Tetlow. New York: Morrow. 1940. 272 *pp.* $2.50.

A little while ago Mr. Tetlow wrote a book called, "We Farm for a Hobby" with the alluring sub-title, "And Make It Pay." One of the results of the work was a fairly continuous stream of visitors to Medlock Farm all of whom had read the book and wanted to see for themselves. The present more informal and pleasantly rambling volume opens with a scene on Medlock Farm just after a group of such sight-seeing visitors has left. The Tetlows feel definitely that the group was disappointed. They had read about a whole year's work on a farm and they came expecting to find it a veritable hive of industry with every seasonal occupation running at full speed at all times of year. To remedy this misconception and to tell what goes on on a "paying" farm in between times, Henry Tetlow has written another book.

Mr. Tetlow cannot keep entirely away from the practical (must now and then tell you which fruit trees to plant and why) but for the most part nicely sharpened anecdotes rub shoulders with amusing stretches of personal experience. The author is interested in everything in the countryside. He has some good stories to tell about the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers, too.

G. G.

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

FOR the opening of the fishing season, A. W. B. sends us the following:—

A Matter of Import

The fate of shipments, now at sea,
Determine my neutrality;
Suppose a submarine should rise
To my imported English flies!

ARTHUR W. BELL.

☞An announcement of much interest to the trade comes from Wilfrid Funk, who has resigned the presidency of Funk & Wagnalls Company to form a book publishing house under the name Wilfrid Funk, Inc. Associated with Mr. Funk in this enterprise are Frank C. Henry, late of Lippincott's and Doubleday's, and Spencer Armstrong. The new firm has taken an office at 386 Fourth Avenue which will open this week. ☞Speaking of The Trade, we were rereading Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria,* chapter 10 of which should be required of all candidates for the book and magazine traffic.

★ ★

☞Nothing ever startles Old Q. so much as the coincidences of his casual reading. Picking up Coleridge's *The Friend* (written about 1809) this was the first passage we noticed: "Germany, the ever-changing boundaries of which superannuate the last year's map, and are altered as easily as the hurdles of a temporary sheep-fold." ☞ And a few pages later we find "the attack on Copenhagen and the seizure of the Danish fleet"—at that time a British attack. ☞We ran into three of the "experts" of Information Please just after one of their radio programs. Each of them had a book in his pocket for homebound reading. Two of the three were volumes in the World's Classics series (*Pickwick Papers* and *Winterslow*) and one was a Crime Club whose title we didn't notice.

★ ★

☞We were saddened last week by the deaths of two old friends, Dr. Alfred P. Lee of Philadelphia and Mr. Robert B. Adam of Buffalo. ☞Dr. Lee was a dentist by profession, who had made bibliography his hobby. Only recently the Franklin Bookshop, 107 South 12 St., Philadelphia, announced the near publication of Dr. Lee's checklist of the writings both public and private of A. Edward Newton. ☞Mr. Adam was for many years the president of a large department store in Buffalo, but was known to scholars as the owner of the most remarkable collection of Johnsoniana in the world. The collection had been begun by his uncle and its care and enlargement were Mr. Adam's lifelong passion. The library (which has been on loan to the University of Rochester for several years) is extraordinary not only in material relating to Johnson and Boswell but in MSS and documents contemporary or associated to them; the elaborate catalogues compiled by Mr. Adam are in themselves monuments of careful scholarship. Mr. Adam's generosity toward students of the 18th century was equalled by his own personal charm, humor, and shrewdness of taste. ☞We have never forgotten the great occasion of the Adam sale at the Anderson Galleries in 1926 when Mr. Adam parted with many fine books of other periods to devote his older years in the field of the 18th century. We ourself, inflamed by a de luxe dinner Mr. Adam gave his friends at the Plaza, bid $125 for a Bruce Rogers *Montaigne,* an unheard of sum in our budget. It was not until the volumes were delivered that we realized—what had been duly explained in the catalogue—that volume III was missing. ☞We were never able to learn how so prudent a connoisseur could have mislaid such a vast and beautiful tome. Nor did Mr. Adam remember, but he consoled us with the gift of a beautiful old cut glass decanter (engraved with an appropriate quotation from Burns) to which we have referred more often than to Montaigne.

★ ★

☞We know at least one literary critic who found the little feather-in-the-cap (sent round by Duell Sloan & Pearce as promotion piece for *My Hey-Day*) so attractive that he slipped it out of Princess Tulip Murphy's bonnet and is wearing it in his Knox. ☞ Fifty titles are now available in the marsupial classics or Pocket Books. The four new additions announced for this month are *Thunder on the Left, The House without a Key, The House of the Seven Gables,* and *The Best of Damon Runyon.*

★ ★

☞The Serial Map Service, which sends monthly newly compiled maps giving the geographical background of events (prepared by the famous English atlas publishers George Philip & Son) sounds like a good idea; perhaps some American firm will handle the distribution here. We learned of it in a circular from that likely bookseller Bertram Rota of Bodley House, Vigo Street, London, W 1. The service costs 18/6 per annum. ☞Among many unusual items listed in Bertram Rota's latest catalogue is "a small Gladstone bag of black leather with metal lock plate engraved *G. M., Box Hill, Dorking.*"

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ANSWERS TO QUIZ No. 15

1. Prof. Moriarity, in "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," by A. Conan Doyle.
2. John Silver, in "Treasure Island," by Stevenson.
3. Uriah Heep, in "David Copperfield," by Dickens.
4. Simon Legree, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Stowe.
5. Procrustes, from Greek Mythology.
6. Fagin, in "Oliver Twist," by Dickens.
7. Iago, in "Othello," by Shakespeare.
8. Count Dracula, in "Dracula," by Bram Stoker.
9. Dr. Jekyll, in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," by Stevenson.
10. Count Fosco, "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins.

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Negro Family Life

THE NEGRO FAMILY IN THE UNITED STATES. By E. Franklin Frazier. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1939. 686 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by LEE M. BROOKS

FOR more than a decade Professor Frazier has been concentrating on the family life of his race. This book, not his first important volume, is a natural history reaching beyond the urban specialization of Chicago's manifold sociological authorships. Here, under the rays of research, are exposed the structure and functioning, the lights and shadows of colored people evolving under white conditioning.

In pointed literary form, the reader is shown through the House of the White Master where humanity is planned in the earthiness of imposed concubinage and miscegenation; then out to the House of the Black Mother whose matriarchy has patterned the interactions of Negro man, woman, and child in the rural South. No one else has delineated the Negro matriarchal influences so thoroughly. Then we see the House of the Father, the transition toward paternal folkways that came with the change from clustered plantation dwellings to more scattered abodes and occupations as the man sought further freedom and acquisition of property. The last part of the book deals with the city as destroyer and regenerator: open avenues of vice and delinquency, closed highways to virtue and decency; old families and new stratifications; black proletariat and brown middle class. For the relatively few, steady growth into conventional family life and into success in every field of endeavor; for the many, a static condition aggravated by poverty and discrimination, yet easy migrants to decadent urbanism.

The author does not complain; he analyzes, describes, and interprets. His temperateness outshines an occasional defensive shaft. That he seems to feel the need of including much, almost excessive illustrative material—in addition to the ample appendix—in order to press home his main points, is perhaps suggestive of the vast shallowness of our knowledge on the street, in the school, on the campus, and in the church about the Negro tenth of America's population.

In agreement with the majority in anthropological scholarship and probably to the discomfiture of those who are too sure of psycho-social vestiges in present Negro life, Dr. Frazier finds no reliable evidence that African culture has had any influence on the development of the Negro family. His book brings corrective focus at many places in a most readable manner not only for the general public but also for those—especially workers in the bio-social sciences—who talk and strive for human uplift and reality in democracy.

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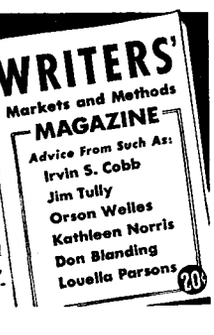

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Double-Crostics: No. 317

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

				1-A	2-G	3-O		4-E	5-U	6-R	7-X		8-Y	9-O	10-B	11-U
	12-D	13-A		14-S	15-P	16-O	17-C	18-A	19-Y	20-H	21-Q	22-X	23-E	24-T	25-V	26-B
27-F	28-U		29-N	30-A		31-P	32-S	33-O	34-V	35-B	36-C	37-I	38-Y	39-Q	40-A	41-F
42-E	43-K	44-J	45-M		46-W	47-Q	48-P	49-B		50-H	51-M	52-Y	53-B	54-P	55-J	
56-Y	57-O	58-M	59-C		60-R	61-L		62-T	63-D		64-P	65-H	66-A	67-Q	68-S	
69-Q	70-H	71-N	72-R		73-W	74-O	75-C	76-T	77-G	78-F	79-P		80-S	81-U	82-I	83-P
	84-V	85-J		86-E	87-T	88-L	89-X		90-J	91-I		92-L	93-D	94-S	95-W	96-B
	97-V	98-U	99-M	100-L		101-O	102-J	103-K		104-Y	105-J	106-T		107-S	108-V	109-U
110-X	111-Q	112-N	113-P	114-E		115-K	116-G	117-R		118-U	119-S	120-C	121-T		122-X	123-O
124-R	125-N		126-M	127-A		128-I	129-G		130-C	131-A	132-F	133-B		134-V	135-N	
136-H	137-R	138-E	139-J	140-X	141-A	142-F		143-A	144-R		145-Q	146-T		147-L	148-N	149-E
	150-C	151-Q	152-K	153-F		154-W	155-O	156-G	157-K	158-U	159-G		160-X	161-M	162-P	163-B
	164-G	165-R	166-I		167-Y	168-K	169-I	170-B	171-C		172-W	173-D	174-I		175-R	176-J
177-K		178-R	179-O	180-W	181-F											

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Art and practice of clowning.

B. Clumsy, awkward.

C. Process like splicing (ropes).

D. Canadian national park (Brit. Col.)

E. One who incites to wrong-doing.

F. Desert city in So. California.

G. Friend to Caesar ("Antony and Cleopatra").

H. Performer of menial tasks.

I. Beethoven's 5th Concerto.

J. King of Thebes, killed by Bacchanals.

K. Secretly (It., 2 wds.)

L. Elevated in height, character, etc.

M. Ideal Arthurian knight.

N. Father of Wm. the Conqueror.

O. Saul's only surviving son.

P. Reconciliatory.

Q. Frolicsome.

R. Ballet by Stravinsky.

S. Inclined to boisterous play.

T. Thing separated from its fellows.

U. Pretentious with small worth.

V. Rodent of the hare family.

W. Exertion of power.

X. Gave in exchange (colloq.)

Y. Of dark complexion.

WORDS

1	143	13	127	131	66	18	141	40	30	
53	35	96	26	10	170	133	49	163		
150	171	36	59	120	17	75	130			
63	12	93	173							
138	86	114	42	4	149	23				
27	41	181	142	132	153	78				
164	116	129	156	77	2	159				
70	50	136	20	65						
166	128	169	37	174	91	82				
139	85	44	90	176	105	102	55			
43	152	168	177	115	103	157				
88	147	61	92	100						
45	99	161	58	126	51					
112	71	29	135	148	125					
74	16	57	101	179	33	123	9	3	155	
31	54	64	15	162	79	48	113	83		
67	39	151	21	69	145	47	111			
144	117	175	137	60	72	178	165	6	124	
94	119	14	107	32	68	80				
87	76	121	62	24	146	106				
28	109	158	118	5	98	81	11			
108	97	84	134	34	25					
46	73	172	95	180	154					
110	122	160	22	140	7	89				
52	56	167	38	19	8	104				

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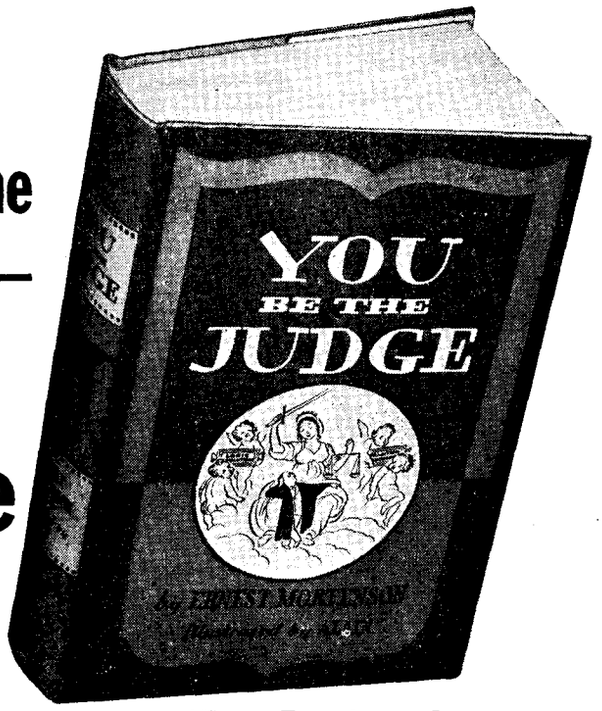

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